

POEMS
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS
BOOK TWO



CURRICULUM



Edited by
Grace Morgan
C. B. Routley

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Poems for Boys and Girls

BOOK TWO

Grades 4—6



CANADIAN READING DEVELOPMENT SERIES



POEMS
for
BOYS and GIRLS

BOOK TWO

Compiled by
GRACE MORGAN
C. B. ROUTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY AUDREY MATHESON



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PREFACE

The special purpose of this volume is to round out the reading material in the currently accepted reading programmes for Grades 4 to 6 in our schools. The modern basic reading programme has been specifically designed to teach children the skills involved in reading, to give them proficiency in the use of them, and to whet their appetites for more reading. Such aims are entirely commendable. But in striving to meet the demands of controlled vocabulary, adequate word repetition, and limited "fields of interest", it has not always been remembered that reading is an art as well as a skill, and that as such it involves much more than word recognition and pronunciation; it is at the same time an experience which may make us different persons. This experience seldom comes from the reading of even good prose, but it comes supremely from the reading of good poetry.

The art of reading is important in a child's education. Not only is it the source of much of his learning, it is also the vehicle for the enriching and ennobling of his emotions. It is a source of unlimited pleasure and satisfaction. Moreover adults will be aware of another benefit to be derived — a benefit of which children are happily unaware: what Ruskin called the erecting of "fairy palaces of magic thought, proof against all adversity". Though these words are Ruskin's, the thought is shared by every inspired teacher. To learn in school to love poetry helps to build such palaces and it is hoped that this collection of Poems for Boys and Girls will find acceptance by pupils and teachers in Canadian schools.

In making a selection, poems have been admitted for several reasons: because they are old favourites that have a perennial appeal; because they are poems that might be termed childhood's birthright; because they are poems that will lay a foundation for

an abiding love of good poetry; or because they are poems that will give delight by sound or imagery or charm of story. We hope this is a collection that will bring together children and the poets who have loved children.

It is the hope of the editor of this book that the poems here presented may not be torn to shreds by any process of dissection, but rather that they may be read aloud by the teacher or by pupils, as a song is sung. Fundamental to poetry is rhythm and assonance and imagery, and these can best be realized through the charm of good oral presentation.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy", and the power of responding to the intuitive and poetic is greatest in childhood.

The poems have been culled from many sources and their choice guided by many years of actual experience in teaching children. They have given pleasure, and will, we believe, delight new generations of children. The book is a treasure house; the key is in the teacher's hands. As the door is unlocked, each child may choose its own handful of shining treasure to be forever cherished.

The compilation of this book and its companion volumes has entailed countless visits to children's libraries. For courtesy and helpfulness from librarians in Toronto's Boys' and Girls' House, George Locke Memorial Library, and the Deer Park Branch, we are most grateful.

Toronto

G.M.
C.B.R.

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THE COIN

SARA TEASDALE

Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor thief purloin,—
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

*THE WORLD
AROUND US*



SUCH A STARVED BANK OF MOSS

ROBERT BROWNING

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across—
Violets were born!

DAWN

JAMES MCCARROLL

With folded wings of dusky light
Upon the purple hills she stands,
An angel between day and night,
With tinted shadows in her hands;
Till suddenly transfigured there,
With all her dazzling plumes unfurled,
She climbs the crimson-flooded air,
And flies in glory o'er the world.

THE SOUNDS IN THE EVENING✓

ELEANOR FARJEON

The sounds in the evening
Go all through the house,
The click of the clock
And the pick of the mouse,
The footsteps of people
Upon the top floor,
The skirts of my mother
That brush by my door,
The crick in the boards,
And the creak of the chairs,
The fluttering murmurs
Outside on the stairs,
The ring at the bell,
The arrival of guests,
The laugh of my father
At one of his jests,
The clashing of dishes
As dinner goes in,
The babble of voices
That distance makes thin,
The mewings of cats
That seem just by my ear,
The hooting of owls
That can never seem near,
The queer little noises
That no one explains—
Till the moon through the slats
Of my window-blind rains,
And the world of my eyes
And my ears melts like steam
As I find in my pillow
The world of my dream.

NOON

WALTER DE LA MARE

Few and faint a bird's small notes
Stirred on the air and died away
Among the wind-enticing leaves;
And everywhere the crimson may
Lapped in the sun-sweet silence bloomed;
And, lost in lovely reverie,
A mirrored swan upon a pool
Floated beneath a willow tree.

THE YEAR

COVENTRY PATMORE

The crocus, while the days are dark,
Unfolds its saffron sheen;
At April's touch the crudest bark
Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might;
While slowly swells each pod
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The Winter falls, the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars;
The snowdrift heaps against the hut,
And night is pierced with stars.

GOLDEN-ROD

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

SEPTEMBER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grape's sweet odours rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

INDIAN SUMMER

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now, by the brook the maple leans,
With all his glory spread;
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now, by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

AUTUMN FANCIES

ANONYMOUS

The maple is a dainty maid,
The pet of all the wood,
Who lights the dusky forest glade
With scarlet cloak and hood.

The elm a lovely lady is,
In shimmering robes of gold
That catch the sunlight when she moves,
And glisten, fold on fold.

The sumach is a gypsy queen,
Who flaunts in crimson dressed,
And wild along the roadside runs,
Red blossoms in her breast.

And towering high above the wood,
All in his purple cloak,
A monarch in his splendour is
The proud and princely oak.

JACK FROST

GABRIEL SETOUN

The door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rock and castles towering high;
Hills and dales, and streams and fields;
And knights in armour riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas,

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruits and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For, creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

FROST

E. J. PRATT

The frost moved up the window-pane
Against the sun's advance,
In line and pattern weaving there
Rich scenes of old romance—
Armies on the Russian snows,
Cockade, sword, and lance.

It spun a web more magical,
Each moment creeping higher,
For marble cities crowned the hills
With turret, fane and spire,
Till when it struck the flaming sash,
The Kremlin was on fire.

FROST PATTERNS

ANNA LETITIA WALES

There is no need to draw the blind to-night:
The frost is thick upon the window pane,
And only squares of crystal-patterned light
Will meet the eyes of passers in the lane.
The snow is heaped upon the ledge and sill,
The key-hole and the latch are white and hoar,
The runners of the sledges whistle shrill,
And crunching footsteps hasten past our door.

But, though made captive by the wind and storm,
I see new worlds upon the frosted glass—
A silver fern—each frond a perfect form,—
The icy glades of an enchanted pass,
And solitary on a gleaming plain
A fir tree draped in veils of frozen rain.

SNOW TOWARD EVENING 0

MELVILLE CANE

Suddenly the sky turned gray;
The day,
Which had been bitter and chill,
Grew intensely soft and still.
Quietly
From some invisible blossoming tree
Millions of petals cool and white
Drifted and blew,
Lifted and flew,
Fell with the falling night.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

ROBERT FROST

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

'VELVET' SHOES

ELINOR WYLIE

Let us walk in the white snow
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as a white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes;
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below;
We shall walk in the snow.

THE SNOWFLAKE

WALTER DE LA MARE

Before I melt,
Come, look at me!
This lovely icy filigree!
Of a great forest
In one night
I make a wilderness
Of white:
By skyey cold
Of crystals made,
All softly, on
Your finger laid,
I pause, that you
My beauty see:
Breathe, and I vanish
Instantly.

SNOW

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

White are the far-off plains, and white
The fading forests grow;
The wind dies out along the height,
And denser still the snow,
A gathering weight on roof and tree,
Falls down scarce audibly.

The road before me smoothes and fills
Apace, and all about
The fences dwindle, and the hills
Are blotted slowly out;
The naked trees loom spectrally
Into the dim white sky.

The meadows and far-sheeted streams
Lie still without a sound;
Like some soft minister of dreams
The snow-fall hoods me round;
In wood and water, earth and air,
A silence everywhere.

The evening deepens, and the gray
Folds closer earth and sky;
The world seems shrouded far away;
Its noises sleep, and I,
As secret as yon buried stream,
Plod dumbly on, and dream.

THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS

ROBERT HERRICK

First, April, she with mellow showers ✓
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more sweet and rich array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before:
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

SPRING SONG ✓

WILLIAM BLAKE

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Flowers are coming too;
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
All around is fair,
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

THE SPRUCE TREE

DOROTHY CHOATE HERRIMAN

I am a spruce tree tall and strong;
Over my branches all day long
The blackbirds hop and the red squirrels run,
And the chipmunks chatter and chirp in fun.

I am a spruce tree wide and green;
Birds in my branches hide unseen;
My cones are treasures of tempting seed,
In their winter garner, the squirrels to feed.

I am a spruce tree white with snow;
Over my head the tempests blow,
But warm and green are my arms, to care
For the birds, when maples and elms are bare.

I am a spruce tree green and wide;
Close to my heart the wood-folk hide;
By day they flutter and fly and run,
And I guard their sleep when the day is done.

TREES

BLISS CARMAN

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod,—

Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendour before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;
Trees to burn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;
Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;
Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;
He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.
Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,
On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Four of us went to the woods one day,
Keeping the trail in the Indian way,
 Creeping, crawling,
 Sometimes sprawling,
Pushing through the bushes; and there we found
A little green pulpit stuck in the ground
And in the pulpit a brown man stood,
Preaching to all the folk in the wood.

We lay as quiet as Indians do,
Because each of the four of us knew,
 At any sound,
 The creatures 'round,


The squirrels and chipmunks, the birds and bees,
Would fly away through the ring of trees,
And Jack-in-the-Pulpit would stop his speech
If he knew we four were in easy reach.

We listened as hard as ever we could,
But not a one of us understood,
Or even heard,
A single word,
Though I saw a chipmunk nod his head
As if he knew what the preacher said,
And a big gray squirrel clapped his paws
When he thought it was time for applause.

Many and many a Jack we've found,
But none of us ever heard a sound;
So I suppose
That Jackie knows
When children try to hear him preach,
And talks in some peculiar speech:
I wonder if we could find a way
To hear what Jacks-in-the-Pulpit say?

A CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

JAMES D. EDGAR



A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,—
The odour of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row, or sail;
With always a fish for a midday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silvery moon,
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sweet and clear,
Comes the plaint of the whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

TRADITIONAL

A red sky at night is the shepherd's delight;
A red sky at morning is the shepherd's warning.



Evening red and morning gray
Send the sailor on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rains upon his head.



Evening red and morning gray,
It is the sign of a bonny day;
Evening gray and morning red,
The lamb and ewe go wet to bed.



When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;

When the wind is in the north
The skilful fisher goes not forth;

When the wind is in the south
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth;

When the wind is in the west,
Then it is the very best.



When the clouds of the morn
To the west fly away,
You may depend
On a fair settled day.



When clouds appear
Like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed
By frequent showers.

WIND IS A CAT

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

Wind is a cat
That prowls in the night,
Now in a valley,
Now on a height,

Pouncing on houses
Till folks in their beds
Draw all the covers
Over their heads.

It sings to the moon,
It scratches at doors;
It lashes its tail
Around chimneys, and roars.


It claws at the clouds
Till it fringes their silk,
It laps up the dawn
Like a saucer of milk;

Then, chasing the stars
To the tops of the firs,
Curls down for a nap
And purrs and purrs.

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

HAMLIN GARLAND

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane;
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!



WIND-WOLVES

WILLIAM D. SARGENT

Do you hear the cry as the pack goes by,
The wind-wolves hunting across the sky?
Hear them tongue it, keen and clear,
Hot on the flanks of the flying deer!


Across the forest, mere, and plain,
Their hunting howl goes up again!
All night they'll follow the ghostly trail,
All night we'll hear their phantom wail,

For to-night the wind-wolf pack holds sway
From Pegasus Square to the Milky Way,
And the frightened bands of cloud-deer flee
In scattered groups of two and three.

CLOUDS

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

The dew is gleaming on the grass
The morning hours are seven;
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.




Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
The wind alone can tame you;
I dream of what in time of old
The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward;
A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
The men of old, for moulding
In simple beauty, such a dream,—
And I could lie beholding

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
The winds from morn till even
Forever shepherd you across
The shining field of heaven.



LIGHTNING

✕ LOUIS UNTERMEYER ✓

We sat together close and warm,
My little tired boy and I—
Watching across the evening sky
The coming of the storm.

No rumblings rose, no thunders crashed,
The west wind scarcely sang aloud;
But from a huge and solid cloud
The summer lightnings flashed.

And then he whispered, "Father, watch;
I think God's going to light His moon—"
"And when, my boy?" "Oh, very soon.
I saw Him strike a match!"

RAIN CLOUDS

ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG

Along a road
Not built by man ✓
There winds a silent
Caravan
Of camel-clouds
Whose humped gray backs
Are weighted down
With heavy packs
Of long-awaited,
Precious rain
To make the old earth
Young again,
And dress her shabby
Fields and hills
In green grass silk
With wild-flower frills.

SUMMER SHOWER

SELMA ROBINSON

Thundering, shimmering, silvery gray,
It's raining to-day,
Shining and slanting
Spears, such a shower as we've been wanting.

Freesia and fuchsia and mignonette
And violet
And golden glow
And blue delphinium, row on row,

And morning glory and hollyhock
And four-o'clock
And sweet alyssum
And bachelor button and cucumber blossom

And black-eyed susan and purple clover,
When the rain's over,
Will shake the shower
Out of each brimming, glistening flower.

And the sun will turn to a bright metal
Each wet petal;
When the rain's done
Each leaf and each petal will sparkle in sun.

GREEN RAIN

MARY WEBB

Into the scented woods we'll go,
And see the blackthorn swim in snow.
High above, in the budding leaves,
A brooding dove awakes and grieves;
The glades with mingled music stir,
And wildly laughs the woodpecker.
When blackthorn petals pearl the breeze,
There are the twisted hawthorne trees
Thick-set with buds, as clear and pale
As golden water or green hail—
As if a storm of rain had stood
Enchanted in the thorny wood,
And, hearing fairy voices call,
Hung poised, forgetting how to fall.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly!

OH, FAIR TO SEE

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Oh, fair to see
Bloom-laden cherry tree,
 Arrayed in sunny white;
 An April day's delight,
Oh, fair to see!

Oh, fair to see
Fruit-laden cherry tree,
 With balls of shining red
 Decking a leafy head,
Oh, fair to see!

THE BROOK

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

STARS

SARA TEASDALE

Alone in the night
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
Over my head,
White and topaz
And misty red;

Myriads with beating
Hearts of fire
That aeons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill,
I watch them marching
Stately and still,

And I know that I
Am honoured to be
Witness of so much
Majesty.

THE FALLING STAR

SARA TEASDALE

I saw a star slide down the sky,
Blinding the north as it went by,
Too burning and too quick to hold,
Too lovely to be bought or sold,
Good only to make wishes on
And then forever to be gone.

SILVER

WALTER DE LA MARE

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

MOON

JEAN GAY

The moon is broken.
Last night I saw it lying
In the big blue bowl of the lake
In a thousand shining, silver pieces.
I asked the whispering wind
To bring me the crystal chips
That I might string them on a cord of gold;
But when the wind stretched out its fingers
To pick them up,
They began to dance
Up and down
And 'round about
Like gleaming fairies;
And they were all so beautiful
I left them there
To play.

THE PASTURE

ROBERT FROST

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may).
I shan't be gone long. You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by its mother. It's so young
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long. You come too.

I WILL MAKE YOU BROOCHES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight,
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear,
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

ARIEL'S SONG

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

ON EASTNOR KNOLL

JOHN MASEFIELD

Silent are the woods, and the dim green boughs are
Hushed in the twilight: yonder, in the path through
The apple orchard, is a tired ploughboy
Calling the cows home.

A bright white star blinks, the pale moon rounds, but
Still the red, lurid wreckage of the sunset
Smoulders in smoky fire, and burns on
The misty hilltops.

Ghostly it grows, and darker, the burning
Fades into smoke, and now the gusty oaks are
A silent army of phantoms thronging
A land of shadows.

PRELUDE

T. S. ELIOT

The winter evening settles down
With smells of steaks in passageways.
Six o'clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet,
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat,
On broken blinds and chimney pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.
And then the lighting of the lamps.



FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road,
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river;
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

TRAIN AT NIGHT

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Sometimes at night
I hear a train
Far off
Shunting in the yards,
And, half asleep, half awake,
Dreaming,
I see a great giant
Striding the mountains,
Shuffling his huge feet
Along the valleys,
Puffing wearily,

Tired from a long day's hunt,
Whistling eerily
As he trudges,
Shuffles
Home.

WANDERLIED

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

O, west of all the westward roads that woo ye to their winding,
O, south of all the southward ways that call ye to the sea,
There's a little lonely garden that would pay ye for the finding,
With a fairy ring within it and an old thorn tree.

O, there upon the brink of morn the thrushes would be calling,
And the little lilting linnets, sure they'd wake me from the dead;
With the lime trees all in blossom and the soft leaf-shadows
falling,
O, there I'd have a place at last to lay my head.

O, would I had a swallow's wings, for then I'd fly and find it;
O, would I had a swallow's heart, for then I'd love to roam!
With an orchard on the hillside and an old, old man to mind it,
O, there I'd lift my lodge at last, and make my home.

O, there I'd see the tide come in along the whispering reaches,
O, there I'd lie and watch the sails go shining to the west,
And where the fir-wood follows on the wide, unswerving beaches,
It's there I'd lay me down at last and take my rest.

WANDER-THIRST

GERALD GOULD

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, to bid me say good-bye;
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills
are,

But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must; and, if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white
road and the sky.

A VAGABOND SONG

BLISS CARMAN

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

ROAD SONG'

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

I cut a branch from the cherry-tree and take to the road again;
My stride is steady, my mind is free of How and Why and When.
I lift my heart and my eyes to see what is seldom seen by men.

Whether the path may stretch or wind, whether it rain or snow,
The road cries welcome, the road is kind, a friend for all to know.
I shoulder my pack and follow it blind, no matter where it may go.

I walk where houses have open doors, where thatch bends down
like a wing;

Where the meat is sweet, and the fire roars, and even the rafters
sing;

Where pine and moss lay velvet floors, and a wanderer walks like
a king.

I cut a branch from the cherry-tree and take to the road. Amen.
My stride is steady, my mind is free of How and Why and When.
The road has given its song to me—and I give it back again.

WHEN I WAS A TALL LAD

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

When I was a tall lad with money in my hand,
I'd pots and pans a-plenty, and friends about the land.
I'd golden roads in sunshine and silver roads in rain,
And a little gray donkey and a girl out of Spain.

Now I am an old man with rings in my ears,
All too sad for laughter, all too wise for tears,
And the Spanish girl has left me, and the money's coming slow,
And the little gray donkey, he was lamed long ago.


When I get to heaven where tinkers may be seen,
I'll wear a yellow kerchief and a coat of velveteen,
And out beyond the shining streets I'll take the road again
With a little gray donkey and a girl out of Spain.



TRAVEL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice, and drum,
Cities on the other hum;
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and coconuts
And the negro hunters' huts;
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,



All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

RIVERS OF CANADA

BLISS CARMAN

O all the little rivers that run to Hudson's Bay,
They call me and call me to follow them away.

Missinaibi, Abitibi, Little Current—where they run
Dancing and sparkling, I see them in the sun.

I hear the brawling rapid, the thunder of the fall,
And when I think upon them I cannot stay at all.

At the far end of the carry, where the wilderness begins,
Set me down with my canoe-load—and forgiveness for my sins.

O all the mighty rivers beneath the Polar Star,
They call me and call me to follow them afar.

Peace and Athabasca and Coppermine and Slave,
And Yukon and Mackenzie—the highroads of the brave.

Saskatchewan, Assiniboine, the Bow and the Qu'Appelle,
And many a prairie river whose name is like a spell.

They rumor through the twilight at the edge of the unknown,
"There's a message waiting for you, and a kingdom all your own.
"The wilderness shall feed you, her gleam shall be your guide.
Come out from desolations, our path of hope is wide."

O all the headlong rivers that hurry to the West,
They call me and lure me with the joy of their unrest.

Columbia and Fraser and Bear and Kootenay,
I love their fearless reaches where winds untarnished play—

The rush of glacial water across the pebbly bar
To polished pools of azure where the hidden boulders are.

Just there with heaven smiling, any morning I would be,
Where all the silver rivers go racing to the sea.

O well-remembered rivers that sing of long ago,
A-journeying through summer or dreaming under snow.

Among their meadow islands through placid days they glide,
And where the peaceful orchards are diked against the tide.

Tobique and Madawaska and shining Gaspereaux,
St. Croix and Nashwaak and St. John whose haunts I used to
know.

And all the pleasant rivers that seek the Fundy foam,
They call me and call me to follow them home.

GRACE FOR GARDENS

LOUISE DRISCOLL

Lord God in Paradise,
Look upon our sowing,
Bless the little gardens
And the good green growing!
Give us sun,
Give us rain,
Bless the orchards
And the grain!

Lord God in Paradise,
Please bless the beans and peas,
Give us corn full on the ear—
We will praise Thee, Lord, for these!
Bless the blossom
And the root,
Bless the seed
And the fruit!

Lord God in Paradise,
Over my brown field is seen,
Trembling and adventuring,
A miracle of green.
Send such grace
As You know
To keep it safe
And make it grow!

Lord God in Paradise,
For the wonder of the seed,
Wondering, we praise You, while
We tell You of our need.
Look down from Paradise,
Look upon our sowing,

Bless the little gardens
And the good green growing!
Give us sun,
Give us rain,
Bless the orchards
And the grain.

*BIRDS AND
ANIMALS*



A PRAYER FOR LITTLE THINGS

ELEANOR FARJEON

Please God, take care of little things,
The fledglings that have not their wings,
Till they are big enough to fly
And stretch their wings across the sky.

And please take care of little seeds,
So small among the forest weeds,
Till they have grown as tall as trees
With leafy boughs—take care of these.

And please take care of drops of rain
Like beads upon a broken chain,
Till in some river in the sun
The many silver drops are one.

Take care of small new lambs that bleat,
Small foals that totter on their feet,
And all small creatures ever known
Till they are strong to stand alone.

And please take care of children who
Kneel down at night to pray to You,
Oh please keep safe the little prayer
That like the big ones asks Your care.

THE SANDPIPER

CELIA THAXTER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,

As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THE RIVALS

JAMES STEPHENS

I heard a bird at dawn
Singing sweetly on a tree,
That the dew was on the lawn,
And the wind was on the lea;
But I didn't listen to him,
For he didn't sing to me!

I didn't listen to him,
For he didn't sing to me
That the dew was on the lawn,
And the wind was on the lea!
I was singing at the time,
Just as prettily as he!

I was singing all the time,
Just as prettily as he,
About the dew upon the lawn,
And the wind upon the lea!
So I didn't listen to him,
As he sang upon a tree!

THE HENS

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

The night was coming very fast;
It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church
And all the hens were on their perch

Up in the barn, and I thought I heard
A piece of a little purring word.

I stopped inside, waiting and staying,
To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain,
Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around,
Her feathers made a ruffled sound,

A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds,
And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing,
But nothing answered anything.

THE SONG SPARROW

HENRY VAN DYKE

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle, joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings, "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade: and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With, "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colours, smart and gay;

His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
No one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow brook; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near
In "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;
They seem so true, so free from art,
So friendly, and so full of heart,
That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
I'd choose the song sparrow, my dear,
Because he'd bless me every year
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

TO A WILD CANARY

LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

Little flash of yellow,
Swinging on the bough,
With your voice so mellow,
Oft I wonder how
Such a wealth of music,
From so small a frame,
Pours and swells and rises,
Trills and soars again.

Little flash of yellow,
Swinging on a bough,
With your voice so mellow—
This I fancy now—
In your tiny bosom,
Even while you nod,
Burns the love eternal
Of a joyous God.

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Black beneath as the night,
With wings of a morning glow,
From his sooty throat three syllables float,
Ravishing, liquid, low;
And 'tis oh, for the joy of June,
And the bliss that ne'er can flee
From that exquisite call, with its sweet, sweet fall—
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

Long ago as a child,
From the bough of a blossoming quince,
That melody came to thrill my frame,
And whenever I've caught it since,

The spring-soft blue of the sky
And the spring-bright bloom of the tree
Are a part of the strain—ah, hear it again!—
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

And the night is tenderly black,
The morning eagerly bright,
For that old, old spring is blossoming
In the soul and in the sight;
The red-winged blackbird brings
My lost youth back to me,
When I hear in the swale, from a gray fence rail,
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

SOMETHING TOLD THE WILD GEESE

RACHEL FIELD

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden,
Something whispered, "Snow".
Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, luster-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, "Frost".
All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.
Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly—
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.

BLUE BIRD, BLUE BIRD

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Blue bird, blue bird,
Where are you flying?
The snow is still here,
Can winter be dying?

"O I search on the wing
A house built for two,
Just the same as the most
Of you mortals do;

So I'm flying, flying,
From pillar to post
To find me the one
I fancy the most."

Blue bird, blue bird,
Why do you whistle?
There isn't a flower,
Not even a thistle.

"O willows are yellow,
The brook's running free,
And I've found the best post
In the whole country.

So I whistle and whistle
Without any care.
I'm looking for someone
My rapture to share."

BROWN AND FURRY

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

THE BANDOG

WALTER DE LA MARE

Has anybody seen my Mopser?—
A comely dog is he,
With hair of the colour of a Charles the Fifth,
And teeth like ships at sea.
His tail it curls straight upwards,
His ears stand two abreast,
And he answers to the simple name of Mopser,
When civilly addressed.

MILK FOR THE CAT

HAROLD MONRO

When the tea is brought at five o'clock,
And all the neat curtains are drawn with care,
The little black cat with bright green eyes
Is suddenly purring there.

At first she pretends, having nothing to do,
She has come in merely to blink by the grate;
But, though tea may be late or the milk may be sour,
She is never late.

And presently her agate eyes,
Take a soft large milky haze,
And her independent casual glance
Becomes a stiff hard gaze.

Then she stamps her claws or lifts her ears,
Or twists her body or begins to stir,
Till suddenly all her lithe body becomes
One breathing, trembling purr.

The children eat and wriggle and laugh;
The two old ladies stroke their silk;
But the cat is grown small and thin with desire,
Transformed to a creeping lust for milk.

The white saucer like some full moon descends
At last from the clouds of the table above;
She sighs and dreams and thrills and glows,
Transfigured with love.

She nestles over the shining rim,
Buries her chin in the creamy sea;
Her tail hangs loose; each drowsy paw
Is doubled under each bending knee.

A long dim ecstasy holds her life;
Her world is an infinite shapeless white,
Till her tongue has curled the last holy drop,
Then she sinks back into the night,

Draws and dips her body to heap
Her sleepy nerves in the great arm-chair,
Lies defeated and buried deep
Three or four hours unconscious there.

WHAT THE GRAY CAT SINGS

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

The cat was once a weaver,
 A weaver, a weaver,
An old and withered weaver
 Who laboured late and long;
And while she made the shuttle hum
And wove the weft and clipped the thrum,
Beside the loom with droning drum
 She sang the weaving song:
 "Pr-rum, pr-rum,
Thr-ree thr-reads in the thr-rum,
 Pr-rum!"

The cat's no more a weaver,
 A weaver, a weaver,
An old and wrinkled weaver,
 For though she did no wrong,
A witch hath changed the shape of her
That dwindled down and clothed in fur
Beside the hearth with droning purr
 She thrums her weaving song:
 "Pr-rum, pr-rum,
Thr-ree thr-reads in the thr-rum,
 Pr-rum!"

DUCKS

FREDERICK WILLIAM HARVEY

I

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks,
Beautiful comical things
Sleeping or curled,
Their heads beneath white wings
By water cool,
Or finding curious things
To eat in various mucks
Beneath the pool,
Tails uppermost, or waddling
Sailor-like on the shores
Of ponds, or paddling
—Left! right!—with fanlike feet
Which are for steady oars
When they (white galleys) float
Each bird a boat,
Rippling at will the sweet
Wide waterway. . . .
When night is fallen *you* creep
Upstairs, but drakes and dillies
Nest with pale water-stars,
Moonbeams and shadow bars,
And water-lilies:
Fearful too much to sleep
Since they've no locks
To click against the teeth
Of weasel and fox.
And warm beneath
Are eggs of cloudy green
Whence hungry rats and lean
Would stealthily suck

New life, but for the mien,
The bold, ferocious mien,
Of the mother-duck.

II

Yes, ducks are valiant things
On nests of twigs and straws,
And ducks are soothy things
And lovely on the lake,
When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colours cool.
And when beneath the pool
They dabble, and when they swim
And make their rippling rings,
O, ducks are beautiful things!
But ducks are comical things—
As comical as you.
Quack!
They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack.
By barn and stable and stack
They wander at their will,
But if you go too near
They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.
Triangular and clear
They leave their curious track
In mud at the water's edge,
And there amid the sedge
And slime they gobble and peer,
Saying, "Quack! quack!"

III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns,
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones:
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men

Should stiffen and become

Dull, humourless, and glum,

And so forgetful of their Maker be

As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.

Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns:

All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones!

And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit

Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.

And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of
its bill!

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

MARY HOWITT

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,—

"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things to show when you are there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and
thin,

And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in!"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?"

I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice:
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"
"Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your
eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing—
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by:
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,—
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue,

Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast;
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CATERPILLAR

JOSEPH LAUREN

A butterfly, one summer morn,
Sat on a spray of blossoming thorn
And, as he sipped and drank his share
Of honey from the flowered air,
Below, upon the garden wall,
A caterpillar chanced to crawl.
"Horrors!" the butterfly exclaimed,
"This must be stopped! I am ashamed
That such as I should have to be
In the same world with such as he.
Preserve me from such hideous things!
Disgusting shape! Where are his wings!
Fuzzy and gray! Eater of clay!
Won't someone take the worm away!"

The caterpillar munched ahead,
But, as he munched a leaf, he said,
"Eight days ago, young butterfly,
You wormed about, the same as I.
Within a fortnight from to-day
Two wings will bear me far away
To brighter blooms and lovelier lures,
With colours that outrival yours.
So, flutter-flit, be not so proud;
Each caterpillar is endowed
With power to make him, by and by,
A blithe and brilliant butterfly.
While you, who scorn the common clay,
You, in your livery so gay,
And all the gaudy moths and millers
Are only dressed-up caterpillars."

RILLOBY-RILL

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Grasshoppers four a-fiddling went,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
They earned but little towards their rent,
But all day long with their elbows bent
They fiddled a tune called Rilloby-rilloby,
Fiddled a tune called Rilloby-rill.

Grasshoppers soon on Fairies came,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
Fairies asked with a manner of blame,
"Where do you come from, what is your name?
What do you want with your Rilloby-rilloby,
What do you want with your Rilloby-rill?"

"Madam, you see before you stand,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
The Old Original Favourite Grand
Grasshoppers' Green Herbarian Band,
And the tune we play is Rilloby-rilloby,
Madam, the tune is Rilloby-rill."

Fairies hadn't a word to say,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
Fairies seldom are sweet by day;
But the Grasshoppers merrily fiddled away,
Oh, but they played with a willoby-willoby,
Oh, but they played with a willoby-will!

Fairies slumber and sulk at noon,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
But at last the kind old motherly moon
Brought them dew in a silver spoon,
And they turned to ask for Rilloby-rilloby,
One more round of Rilloby-rill.

Ah, but nobody now replied,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
When day went down the music died,
Grasshoppers four lay side by side
And there was an end of their Rilloby-rilloby,
There was an end of their Rilloby-rill.

EXILE

VIRNA SHEARD

Ben-Arabie was the Camel,
Belonging to the Zoo.
He lived there through a dozen years
With nothing much to do
But chew and chew and chew and chew,
And chew and chew and chew.

He wondered when he might go home
And what they kept him for,
Because he hated Zooish sounds
And perfumes—more and more:
Decidely he hated them
Much more and more and more.

And why the world turned white and cold
He did not understand.
He wanted only lots of sun
And lots and lots of sand;
Just lots of sun and sand and sand
And sand and sand and sand.

He longed to see an Arab sheik,
And Arab girls and boys;
The kind of noise he yearned for most
Was plain Arabian noise:
The sound of little drums and flutes
And all that sort of noise.

He leaned against the wind to hear
The sound of harness bells;
He sniffed the air for scent of spice,
The nomad merchant sells;
He dreamed of pleasant tinkling bells,
Of spice and tinkling bells.

The keepers said that he grew queer;
They wondered why he sighed;
They called him supercilious
And crabbèd and sun-dried:
Indeed he was quite crabbèd and
Exceedingly sun-dried.

But ere his woolly fur was gone
They put him on a train,
For a rich old Arab bought him
And sent him home again.
O joyous day! He sent him home,
He sent him home again!

LONE DOG

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone;
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own;
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat,
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff, and kick, and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide.
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,
Wide wind, and wild stars, and hunger of the quest!

FOR FUN



FATHER WILLIAM

LEWIS CARROLL

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason for that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak.
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions and that is enough,"
Said the father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

AN ODD FELLOW

LEWIS CARROLL

There was one who was famed for the number of things,
He forgot when he entered the ship:
His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,
With his name painted clearly on each;
But, since he omitted to mention the fact,
They were all left behind on the beach.

The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because,
He had seven coats on, when he came,
With three pair of boots—but the worst of it was,
He had wholly forgotten his name.

He would answer to "Hi!" or to any loud cry,
Such as "Fry me!" or "Fritter my wig!"
To "What-you-may-call-um!" or "What-was-his-name!"
But especially "Thing-um-a-jig!"

While, for those who preferred a more forcible word,
He had different names from these:
His intimate friends called him "Candle-ends",
And his enemies, "Toasted-cheese".

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE CROCODILE

LEWIS CARROLL

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

A TRAGIC STORY

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSE

Translated by WM. M. THACKERAY

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round,
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and roundabout,
And up and down and in and out

He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

THE EMBARRASSING EPISODE OF LITTLE MISS MUFFET

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

Little Miss Muffet discovered a tuffet,
(Which never occurred to the rest of us)
And, as 'twas a June day, and just about noonday,
She wanted to eat—like the best of us:
Her diet was whey, and I hasten to say
It is wholesome and people grow fat on it.
The spot being lonely, the lady not only
Discovered the tuffet, but sat on it.

A rivulet gabbled beside her and babbled,
As rivulets always are thought to do,
And dragon flies sported around and cavorted,
As poets say dragon flies ought to do;
When, glancing aside for a moment, she spied
A horrible sight that brought fear to her,
A hideous spider was sitting beside her,
And most unavoidably near to her!

Albeit unsightly, this creature politely
Said: "Madam, I earnestly vow to you,
I'm penitent that I did not bring my hat. I
Should otherwise certainly bow to you."
Though anxious to please, he was so ill at ease
That he lost all his sense of propriety,

And grew so inept that he clumsily stept
In her plate—which is barred in Society.

This curious error completed her terror;
She shuddered, and growing much paler, not
Only left her tuffet, but dealt him a buffet
Which doubled him up in a sailor knot.
It should be explained that at this he was pained;
He cried: "I have vexed you, no doubt of it!
Your fist's like a truncheon." "You're still in my luncheon,"
Was all that she answered. "Get out of it!"

And the *Moral* is this: Be it madam or miss
To whom you have something to say,
You are only absurd when you get in the curd,
But you're rude when you get in the whey!

THE FROG

HILAIRE BELLOC

Be kind and tender to the Frog,
And do not call him names,
As "Slimy-skin", or "Polly-wog",
Or likewise, "Uncle James",

Or "Gape-a-grin", or "Toad-gone-wrong",
Or "Billy Bandy-knees":
The Frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay
A treatment kind and fair;
At least so lonely people say
Who keep a Frog (and, by the way,
They are extremely rare).

FOUR BEASTS

HILAIRE BELLOC

THE BIG BABOON

The Big Baboon is found upon
The plains of Cariboo;
He goes about with nothing on
(A shocking thing to do).
But if he dressed respectably
And let his whiskers grow,
How like this Big Baboon would be
To Mister-So-and-So!

THE YAK

As a friend of the children commend me the Yak.
You will find it exactly the thing:
It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back,
Or lead it about with a string.
The Tartar who dwells on the plains of Tibet
(A desolate region of snow)
Has for centuries made it a nursery pet,
And surely the Tartar should know!
Then tell your papa where the Yak can be got,
And if he is awfully rich—
He will buy you the creature—or else he will not.
(I cannot be positive which.)

THE LION

The Lion, the Lion, he dwells in the waste,
He has a big head and a very small waist;
But his shoulders are stark, and his jaws they are grim,
And a good little child will not play with him.

THE TIGER

The Tiger on the other hand, is kittenish and mild,
He makes a pretty playfellow for any little child;
And mothers of large families (who claim to common sense)
Will find a Tiger well repays the trouble and expense.

THE TWINS

HENRY S. LEIGH

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
Yet not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse
We got completely mixed.
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
(Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
For John turned out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
To every one I knew—
What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you?

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life;
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistake went on;
And when I died—the neighbours came
And buried brother John!

HOW TO TELL THE WILD ANIMALS

CAROLYN WELLS

If ever you should go by chance
To jungles in the East;
And if there should to you advance
A large and tawny beast,
If he roars at you as you're dyin'
You'll know it is the Asian Lion.

Or if sometime when roaming round,
A noble wild beast greets you,
With black stripes on a yellow ground,
Just notice if he eats you.
This simple rule may help you learn
The Bengal Tiger to discern.

If strolling forth, a beast you view,
Whose hide with spots is peppered,
As soon as he has lept on you,
You'll know it is the Leopard.
'Twill do no good to roar with pain,
He'll only lep and lep again.

If when you're walking round your yard,
You meet a creature there,
Who hugs you very, very hard,
Be sure it is the Bear.
If you have any doubt, I guess
He'll give you just one more caress.

Though to distinguish beasts of prey
A novice might nonplus,
The Crocodiles you always may
Tell from Hyenas thus:
Hyenas come with merry smiles;
But if they weep, they're Crocodiles.

The true Chameleon is small,
A lizard sort of thing;
He hasn't any ears at all,
And not a single wing.
If there is nothing on the tree,
'Tis the Chameleon you see.

ONLY MY OPINION

MONICA SHANNON

Is a caterpillar ticklish?
Well, it's always my belief
That he giggles, as he wiggles
Across a hairy leaf.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

ANONYMOUS

I sometimes think I'd rather crow
And be a rooster than to roost
And be a crow. But I dunno.

A rooster he can roost also,
Which don't seem fair when crows can't crow.
Which may help some, but I dunno.

Crows should be glad of one thing, though;
Nobody thinks of eating crow,
While roosters they are good enough
For anyone unless they're tough.

There are lots of tough old roosters though,
And anyway a crow can't crow,
So mebbly roosters stand more show.
It looks that way. But I dunno.

AN ELEPHANT

JOSEPH G. FRANCIS

An Elephant sat on some kegs,
And juggled glass bottles and eggs,
And he said, "I surmise
This occasions surprise,—
But, oh dear, how it tires one's legs!"

A LION

JOSEPH G. FRANCIS

A Lion emerged from his lair
For a short summer cut to his hair,
But the Barber he wept;
While his customers slept
As they waited their turn in the chair.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

LEWIS CARROLL

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she cried,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because

No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it would be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him ,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!”
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick."

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer there was none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

EDWARD LEAR

The Pobble who has no toes,
Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all;"
He replied, "Fish fiddle-de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, "The World in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe,—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships came near him,
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,
So that all the world could hear him.
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the further side,—
"He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore,—
The shore of the Bristol Channel,—
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away—
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast, at his earnest wish,
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, "It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.

But there's never a question
About my digestion—
Anything does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.

But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
Anywhere does for me!

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox,
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek,
But a Camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me!

REBECCA

HILLAIRE BELLOC

A Trick that everyone abhors
In Little Girls is slamming Doors.

A Wealthy Banker's little Daughter
Who lived in Palace Green, Bayswater
(By name Rebecca Offendort),
Was given to this Furious Sport.

She would deliberately go
And Slam the door like Billy-Ho!
To make her Uncle Jacob start.

She was not really bad at heart,
But only rather rude and wild.
She was an Aggravating Child.

It happened that a Marble Bust
Of Abraham was standing just
Above the Door this little Lamb
Had carefully prepared to Slam,
And down it came.

It knocked her flat.

It laid her out!

She looked like

T H A T !

Her Funeral Sermon (which was long
And followed by a Sacred Song)
Mentioned her Virtues, it is true,
But dwelt upon her Vices, too.
And showed the Dreadful End of One
Who goes and slams the Door
for
Fun!

FAIRIES

WALTER DE LA MARE

There was an old woman
Went out one morning
To shop for her children's
Dress and adorning.
Presents she planned
For the little varmints—
Blouses and trousers
And undergarments,
Flannel pyjamas
In which they could snooze,

Shirts and skirts,
And especially shoes.
But when the time came
For the woman to pay,
She sighed and she cried,
"A-lack-a-day,
I haven't a penny,
I haven't a sou;
With children so many,
I don't know what to do.
My life doesn't vary;
It's all harum-scary" . . .
When up jumped a regular
Fairy-book fairy.

Next morning when she
Woke up in her shoe,
What should there be
But a great to-do!
The place was full
Of pleasant surprises:
Caps and wraps
In all shapes and sizes;
Blouses and trousers
Ready to use;
Shirts and skirts
And especially shoes;
Dozens of stockings
All hung on a line;
Toys and trinkets
To make the eyes shine;
And presents out-numbering
Ninety times nine!

Then said the old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
"Now, all my children,

You know what to do.
Don't fail to follow
This excellent plan—
Be sure to be good, or
As good as you can.
But this, above all,
Is most necess . . airy:
Be sure to make friends with
A fairy-book fairy."

SO SHE WENT INTO THE GARDEN

SAMUEL FOOTE

So she went into the garden
to cut a cabbage-leaf
to make an apple-pie;
and at the same time
a great she-bear,
coming up the street,
popped his head into the shop.
"What! no soap?"
So he died,
and she
very imprudently
married the barber;
and there were present
Picninnies,
and the Jobillilies,
and the Garyulies,
and the Grand Panjandrum
Himself,
with the little round button at top,
and they all fell to playing
the game of catch-as-catch-can,
till the gunpowder ran out
at the heel of the boots.

✓ HE THOUGHT HE SAW

LEWIS CARROLL

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again and found it was ↙
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of life."

He thought he saw a Buffalo ↙
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was ↙
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake ↙
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was ↙
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk ↙
Descending from the Bus:
He looked again, and found it was ↙
A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four ↙
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was ↙
A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross,
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again and found it was
A Penny-Postage-Stamp.
"You'd best be getting home," he said:
"The nights are very damp!"

THE CROOKED MAN

IAN SERRAILLIER

There was a crooked man was once a little lad,
He hadn't any mother and he hadn't any dad,
He hadn't any home or a family tree.
Where did he come from? Don't ask me.

This little crooked lad grew up to be a man
(One leg stopped where the other one began).
He hobbled with a stick for a whole crooked mile
And found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile.

He ran to a shop then— a-tinkle went the bell.
"Good morning to you, missus, and what do you sell?"
"I've candy and a barrow and a black silk hat."
"None of those, thank you, I'll buy a crooked cat."

He bought a crooked cat and it caught a crooked mouse
Pitter-patter down the gutter of an old farm-house.
"Be friends with me, mousie, there's no harm meant,
For we're all of us crooked here but me, and I'm bent."

They jogged along together but they couldn't keep in step.
"Right turn!" said the crooked man—they turned to the left.
But he brought them at last to a little crooked house,
And he lived there for ever with the pussy and the mouse.

There was a crooked man and he walked a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat and it caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

*THINK ON THESE
THINGS*



BARTER

SARA TEASDALE

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

HURT NO LIVING THING

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Hurt no living thing;
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

A PIPER

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

A piper in the streets to-day
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away, away on the tide
Of his music we started; on every side
Doors and windows were opened wide
And men left down their work and came,
And women with petticoats coloured like flame
And little bare feet that were blue with cold,
Went dancing back to the age of gold,
And all the world went gay, went gay,
For half an hour in the street to-day.

SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I'm glad our house is a little house,
Not too tall nor too wide;
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house,
It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees,
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green
Against our whited walls,
And in the phlox, the courteous bees
Are paying duty calls.

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THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

ANONYMOUS

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:

"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain:
A mouthful of grain,
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow:

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Said the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I.

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."—

"You sang, sir, you say?

Go then," said the ant, "and dance winter away!"

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

BECAUSE MEN PLOW

ANONYMOUS

So many furrows in so many lands,
So many plows beneath men's guiding hands,
And lo, the old earth's surface has been tilled;
To meet the world's need, granaries are filled
With corn and wheat and rye from countless fields.

Because men plow there are the golden yields,
Because their silver shares have pierced the sod
And they have worked together with their God,
The hungry world has food enough to eat
If we share wisely—and shared loaves are sweet.
The plows go down the land, the furrows run
Forever curved and deep beneath the sun:
The ancient furrows, and the fresh-turned furrows now—
There will be bread while men have faith to plow.

We thank Thee, God, for the heartening thought of men
Sowing and plowing and reaping to plant again.

THE NAUGHTY BLACKBIRD

KATE GREENAWAY

The King and Queen were riding
Upon a summer's day,
And a Blackbird flew above them
To hear what they might say.

The King said he liked apples,
The Queen said she liked pears;
And what shall we do to the Blackbird
Who listens unawares?

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

PADRAIC COLUM

Oh, to have a little house!

To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delft,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delft!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

CONTENT WITH LITTLE

FRED KITCHEN

Sixpence, a knife, and a piece of string,
And who so jolly so jolly heigh-ho,
As a farmer's lad who can whistle and sing,
As though he were next to—God bless him—the king,
Who knows no pleasure that wealth may bring,
Like the pleasure he finds in the treasure, heigh-ho,
Of sixpence, a knife, and a piece of string.

Sixpence, a knife, and a piece of string,
And who so merry so merry heigh-ho,
Nothing on earth can matter a ding
All his cares have taken the wing.
In all his life there isn't a thing
Like the pleasure he gets from his leisure, heigh-ho,
With sixpence, a knife, and a piece of string.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion

Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

THERE BE FOUR THINGS

THE BIBLE, PROVERBS 30

There are four things which are little upon the earth,
But they are exceeding wise:

The ants are a people not strong,
Yet they provide their food in summer;

The conies are but a feeble folk
Yet make they their houses in the rocks;

The locusts have no king,
Yet go they forth all of them by bands:

The lizard taketh hold with her hands,
Yet is she in kings' palaces.

There are three things which are stately in their march,
Yea, four which are stately in going:

The lion, which is mightiest among beasts,
And turneth not away for any;

The greyhound; the he-goat also;
And the king against whom there is no rising up.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

THE BIBLE, PSALM 24

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek Him,
That seek Thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates:
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes, by the water,
We gather every day,—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

NEW DAY — A PRAYER

HENRY VAN DYKE

Ere thou risest from thy bed,
Speak to God Whose wings were spread
O'er thee in the helpless night.
Lo, He wakes thee now with light!
Lift thy burden and thy care
In the mighty arms of prayer.

Lord, the newness of this day
Calls me to an untried way:
Let me gladly take the road,
Give me strength to bear my load,
Thou my guide and helper be—
I will travel through with Thee.

THE DAY WILL BRING SOME LOVELY THING

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

"The day will bring some lovely thing,"
I say it over each new dawn:
"Some gay, adventurous thing to hold
Against my heart when it is gone."
And so I rise and go to meet
The day with wings upon my feet.

I come upon it unaware—
Some sudden beauty without name:
A snatch of song—a breath of pine—
A poem lit with golden flame;
High tangled bird notes—keenly thinned—
Like flying colour on the wind.

No day has ever failed me quite—
Before the grayest day is done,
I come upon some misty bloom

Or a late line of crimson sun.
Each night I pause—remembering
Some gay, adventurous, lovely thing.

PRAISE YE THE LORD

THE BIBLE, PSALM 147

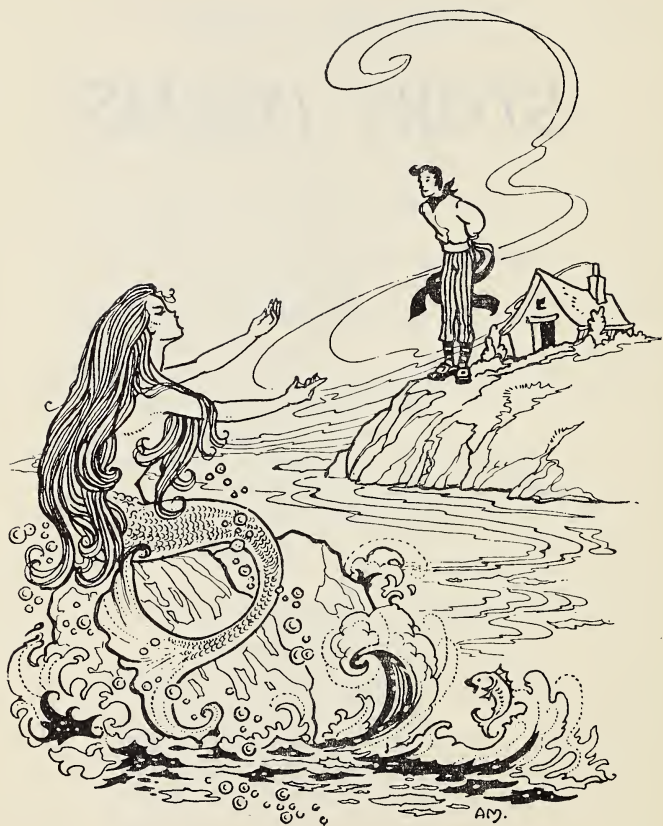
Praise ye the Lord:
For it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant; and praise is comely.
Great is our Lord, and of great power:
Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
He giveth snow like wool:
He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Praise ye the Lord.

THINK ON THESE THINGS

THE BIBLE, PHILIPPIANS 4

Whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are honest,
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Whatsoever things are of good report;
If there be any virtue,
And if there be any praise,
Think on these things.

STORY POEMS



AM.

OFF THE GROUND

WALTER DE LA MARE

Three jolly Farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground.
Out of their coats
They slipped right soon,
And neat and nicesome,
Put each his shoon.

One—Two—Three!—
And away they go,
Not too fast,
And not too slow;
Out from the elm-tree's
Noonday shadow,
Into the sun
And across the meadow.
Past the schoolroom,
With knees well bent,
Fingers a-flicking,
They dancing went.
Upsides and over,
And round and round,
They crossed click-clacking,
The Parish bound.
By Tupman's meadow
They did their mile,
Tee-to-tum
On a three-barred stile.
Then straight through Whipham,
Downhill to Week,
Footing it lightsome,
But not too quick,

Up fields to Watchet,
And on through Wye,
Till seven fine churches
They'd seen skip by—
Seven fine churches,
And five old mills,
Farms in the valley,
And sheep on the hills;
Old Man's Acre
And Dead Man's Pool
All left behind,
As they danced through Wool.
And Wool gone by,
Like tops that seem
To spin in sleep
They danced in dream:
Withy—Wellover—
Wassop—Wo—
Like an old clock
Their heels did go.
A league and a league
And a league they went,
And not one weary,
And not one spent.
And lo! and behold!
Past Willow-cum-Leigh
Stretched with its waters
The great green sea.
Says Farmer Bates,
"I puffs and I blows,
What's under the water,
Why, no man knows!"
Says Farmer Giles,
"My wind comes weak,
And a good man drowned

Is far to seek."
But Farmer Turvey,
On twirling toes
Ups with his gaiters,
And in he goes:
Down where the mermaids
Pluck and play
On their twangling harps
In a sea-green day:
Down where the mermaids,
Finned and fair,
Sleek with their combs
Their yellow hair . . .
Bates and Giles
On the shingle sat,
Gazing at Turvey's
Floating hat.
But never a ripple
Nor bubble told
Where he was supping
Off plates of gold.
Never an echo
Rilled through the sea
Of the feasting and dancing
And minstrelsy.
They called—called—called:
Came no reply:
Nought but the ripples'
Sandy sigh.
Then glum and silent
They sat instead,
Vacantly brooding
On home and bed,
Till both together
Stood up and said:—

‘Us knows not, dreams not,
Where you be,
Turvey, unless
In the deep blue sea;
But axcusing silver—
And it comes most willing—
Here’s us two paying
Our forty shilling;
For it’s sartin sure, Turvey,
Safe and sound,
You danced us square, Turvey,
Off the ground!”

WHEN I GROW UP

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

When I grow up I mean to go
Where all the biggest rivers flow,
And take a ship and sail around
The Seven Seas until I’ve found
Robinson Crusoe’s famous isle,
And there I’ll land and stay a while,
And see how it would feel to be
Lord of an island in the sea.

When I grow up I mean to rove
Through orange and palmetto grove,
To drive a sledge across the snow
Where great explorers go,
To hunt for treasures hid of old
By buccaneers and pirates bold,
And see if somewhere there may be
A mountain no one’s climbed but me.

When I grow up I mean to do
The things I’ve always wanted to;

I don't see why grown people stay
At home when they could be away.

LITTLE JOHN BOTTLEJOHN

LAURA E. RICHARDS

Little John Bottlejohn lived on the hill,
And a blithe little man was he.
And he won the heart of a pretty mermaid
Who lived in the deep blue sea.
And every evening she used to sit
And sing by the rocks of the sea,
"Oh! little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Won't you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn heard her song,
And he opened his little door,
And he hopped and he skipped, and he skipped and he hopped,
Until he came down to the shore.
And there on the rocks sat the little mermaid,
And still she was singing so free,
"Oh! little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Won't you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,
And the mermaid, she made one too;
And she said, "Oh! I never saw anyone half
So perfectly sweet as you!
In my lovely home 'neath the ocean foam,
How happy we both might be!
Oh! little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Won't you come down with me?"

Little John Bottlejohn said, "Oh yes!
I'll willingly go with you,
And I never shall quail at the sight of your tail,

For perhaps I may grow one, too.”
So he took her hand, and he left the land,
And plunged in the foaming main.
And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Never was seen again.

THE LOST SHOE

WALTER DE LA MARE

Poor little Lucy
By some mischance,
Lost her shoe
As she did dance;
’Twas not on the stairs,
Not in the hall;
Not where they sat
At supper at all.
She looked in the garden,
But there it was not;
Henhouse, or kennel,
Or high dovecote.
Dairy and meadow,
And wild winds through
Showed not a trace
Of Lucy’s shoe.
Bird nor bunny
Nor glimmering moon
Breathed a whisper
Of where it was gone.
It was cried and cried,
Oyez and Oyez!
In French, Dutch, Latin,
And Portuguese.
Ships and dark seas
Went plunging through,

But none brought news
Of Lucy's shoe;
And still she patters
In silk and leather,
O'er snow, sand, shingle,
In every weather;
Spain, and Africa,
Hindustan,
Java, China,
And lamped Japan;
Plain and desert,
She hop-hops through,
Pernambuco
To gold Peru;
Mountain and forest,
And river too,
All the world over
For her lost shoe.

LITTLE BATEESE

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'père
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right,
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
And he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese.

Den wake us up right away tout suite,
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane,
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again.
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr,
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe;
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But, leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet;
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'père,
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

THE QUEST

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free;
But he said: "Good mother, O let me go!
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west:
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.

And he said: "Sweet mother, from east to west
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
 Is a little brown house,
 An old brown house,
 Under an apple tree."

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the naked bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;

Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on Summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:

"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;

Right against the moon he threw her;
"Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens".

Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers".

AFTER ALL AND AFTER ALL

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Dreaming of a prince,
Cinderella sat among the ashes long ago;
Dreaming of a prince,
She scoured the pots and kettles till they shone; and so,
After all and after all,
Gaily at the castle ball
Cinderella met her prince, long and long ago.

Dreaming of a prince,
Sleeping Beauty lay in happy slumber, white and still;
Dreaming of a prince,
She waited for a hundred years and then his bugles shrill,
After all and after all,
Woke the castle, bower, and hall,
And he found her waiting for him, long and long ago.

Dreaming of a prince,
I polish bowl and teapot and the spoons, each one;
Dreaming of a prince,
I hang the new-washed clothes to wave a-drying in the sun;
After all and after all,
Great adventures may befall
Like to those that happened once, long and long ago.

THE GOOD JOAN

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Along the thousand roads of France,
Now there, now here, swift as a glance,
A cloud, a mist blown down the sky,
Good Joan of Arc goes riding by.

In Domremy at candlelight,
The orchards blowing rose and white
About the shadowy houses lie;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

On Avignon there falls a hush,
Brief as the singing of a thrush
Across old gardens April-high;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

The women bring the apples in,
Round Arles when the long gusts begin,
Then sit them down to sob and cry;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

Dim fall the hoofs down old Calais;
In Tours a flash of silver-gray,
Like flaw of rain in a clear sky;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

Who saith that ancient France shall fail,
A rotting leaf driv'n down the gale?
Then her sons know not how to die;
Then good God dwells no more on high!

Tours, Arles, and Domremy reply!
For Joan of Arc goes riding by.

THE RAGGLE, TAGGLE GYPSIES

TRADITIONAL

There were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran this lady, O.
One sang high and another sang low,
And the other sang "Bonnie, Bonnie Biskay, O."

Then she pulled off her silken gown,
And put on hose of leather, O.
With the ragged, ragged rags about her door
She's off with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O.

'Twas late last night when my lord came home,
Inquiring for his lady, O.
The servants said on every hand,
"She's gone with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

"Oh, saddle for me my milk-white steed,
Oh, saddle for me my pony, O,
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who's gone with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

Oh, he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses, O.
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his lady, O.

"What makes you leave your house and lands?
What makes you leave your money, O?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord
To go with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O?"

"What care I for my house and lands?
What care I for my money, O,
What care I for my new-wedded lord?
I'm off with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

"Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O.
To-night you will sleep in the cold, open field,
Along with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

"What care I for your goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O?
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold, open field,
Along with the Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, O."

THE PRINCESS MING

EUGENE FIELD

There was a prince by the name of Tsing
Who lived in the Chinese town of Lung
And fell in love with the princess Ming,
Who lived in the neighbouring town of Jung:
'Twas a terrible thing
For Tsing and Ming,
As you'll allow, when you've heard me sing.

Now it happened so that the town of Lung,
Where lived the prince who longed to woo,
Went out to war with the town of Jung
With junks and swords and matchlocks too:
'Twas a terrible thing
For Tsing and Ming,
As you'll allow, when you've heard me sing.

Miss Ming's papa was eating rice
On yestermorn at half-past eight,
And had carved a pie composed of mice,
When soldiers knocked at his palace gate;
They were led by Tsing
And they called for Ming,
Which all will allow was a terrible thing.

Miss Ming's papa girt on his sword:
 "For this," quoth he, "I'll have his gore!"
In vain the Princess Ming implored—
 In vain she swooned on the palace floor—
 The Princess Ming
 Who was wooed by Tsing
Could not prevail with the gruff old King.

The old King opened the palace gate,
 And in marched Tsing with his soldiers grim,
And the King smote Tsing on his princely pate,
 Stating this stern rebuke to him:
 "It's a fatal thing
 For you, Mr. Tsing,
To come a-courting the Princess Ming!"

The prince most keenly felt the slight
 But still more keenly the cut on his head;
So, suddenly turning cold and white,
 He fell on the earth and there lay dead:
 Which act of the King
 To the handsome Tsing
Was a brutal shock to the Princess Ming.

No sooner did the young prince die
 Than Princess Ming from the Palace flew
And jumped straight into River Ji,
 With the dreadful purpose of dying too!
 'Twas a natural thing
 For the Princess Ming
To do for love of the handsome Tsing.

And when she leaped in the River Ji,
 And gasped and choked till her face was blue,
A crocodile fish came paddling by
 And greedily bit Miss Ming in two;

The horrid old thing
Devoured Miss Ming,
Who had hoped to die for the love of Tsing.

When the King observed her life adjourned
By the crocodile's biting the girl in twain,
Up to the ether his toes he turned,
With a ghastly rent in his jugular vein,
So the poor old King,
And Tsing, and Ming
Were dead and gone—what a terrible thing!

And as for the crocodile fish that had
Devoured Miss Ming in that dreadful way,
He caught the dyspepsy so dreadful bad
That he too died that very day!
So, now, with the King,
And Tsing and Ming,
And the crocodile dead, what more can I sing?

THE KING OF CHINA'S DAUGHTER

EDITH SITWELL

The King of China's daughter
She never would love me
Though I hung my cap and bells upon
Her nutmeg tree.
For oranges and lemons,
The stars in bright blue air
(I stole them long ago, my dear)
Were dangling there.
The Moon did give me silver pence,
The Sun did give me gold,
And both together softly blew
And made my porridge cold;
But the King of China's daughter
Pretended not to see
When I hung my cap and bells upon
Her nutmeg tree.

The King of China's daughter
So beautiful to see
With her face like yellow water, left
Her nutmeg tree.
Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me—
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea.
I skipped across the nutmeg grove,—
I skipped across the sea;
But neither sun nor moon, my dear,
Has yet caught me.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

JOHN HAY

The King was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale.

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor;
And men who twisted their waist in stays
And women that shorthose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot!
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there;
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"Oh yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;

"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

THE BALLAD OF THE FIDDLER

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

He had played by the cottage fire
Till the dancing all was done,
But his heart kept up the music
When the last folk had gone.

So he came through the half-door softly
And wandered up the hill,
In the glow of his heart's desire
That was on the music still.

And he passed the blackthorn thicket,
And he heard the branches groan,
As they bowed beneath the burden
Of the white fruit of the moon.

And he came to the fairy circle
Where none but the wise may sit:

And blindness was on him surely
For he sat in the midst of it.

And maybe his heart went dreaming,
Or maybe his thoughts went wide,
But he took his battered old fiddle
And he took the bow from his side.

And he said, "I will play them such music
As never a fairy heard."
He said, "I will play them the music
I stole from the throat of a bird."

And the sound of his lilt went straying
By valley and stream and sedge
Till the little white stars went dancing
Along the mountain's edge.

And things came out of the bushes
And out of the grassy mound
And joined their hands in a circle
And danced to the fiddle's sound.

And quicker and sweeter and stranger
The notes came hurrying out
And joined with a shriek and a whistle
In the dance of the Goblin Rout.

And all night long on the green lands
They danced in a 'wildered ring.
And every note of the fiddle
Was the shriek of a godless thing.

And when the winter morning
Came whitely up the glen,
The Fiddler's soul fled whistling
In the rout of the Fairy Men.

THE LAME BOY AND THE FAIRY

VACHEL LINDSAY

A lame boy
Met a fairy
In a meadow
Where the bells grow.

And the fairy
Kissed him gaily.

And the fairy
Gave him friendship,
Gave him healing,
Gave him wings.

"All the fashions
I will give you.
You will fly, dear,
All the long year.

Wings of springtime,
Wings of summer,
Wings of autumn,
Wings of winter!

"Here is
A dress for springtime."
And she gave him
A dress of grasses,
Orchard blossoms,
Wild-flowers found in
Mountain passes,
Shoes of song and
Wings of rhyme.

"Here is
A dress for summer."

And she gave him
A hat of sunflowers,
A suit of poppies,
Clover, daisies,
All from wheat-sheaves
In harvest time;
Shoes of song and
Wings of rhyme.

"Here is
A dress for autumn."
And she gave him
A suit of red haw,
Hickory, apple,
Elder, pawpaw,
Maple, hazel,
Elm and grape leaves,
And blue
And white
Cloaks of smoke,
And veils of sunlight,
From the Indian summer prime!
Shoes of song and
Wings of rhyme.

"Here is
A dress for winter."
And she gave him
A polar bear suit,
And he heard the
Christmas horns toot,
And she gave him
Green festoons and
Red balloons and
All the sweet cakes

And the snowflakes
Of Christmas time,
Shoes of song and
Wings of rhyme.

And the fairy
Kept him laughing,
Led him dancing,
Kept him climbing
On the hilltops
Toward the moon.

"We shall see silver ships.
We shall see singing ships,
Valleys of spray to-day,
Mountains of foam.
We have been long away,
Far from our wonderland.
Here come the ships of love
Taking us home.
Who are our captains bold?
They are the saints of old.
One is Saint Christopher.
He takes your hand.
He leads the cloudy fleet.
He gives us bread and meat.
His is our ship till
We reach our dear land.

"Where is our house to be?
Far in the ether sea.
There where the North Star
Is moored in the deep.
Sleepy old comets nod
There on the silver sod.
Sleepy young fairy flowers
Laugh in their sleep.

A hundred years
And
A day,
There we will fly
And play
I-spy and cross-tag.
And meet on the highway,
And call to the game
Little Red Riding Hood,
Goldilocks, Santa Claus,
Every beloved
And heart-shaking name."

And the lame child
And the fairy
Journeyed far, far
To the North Star.

A NAUTICAL BALLAD

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

A capital ship for an ocean trip,
Was the Walloping Window-Blind.
No gale that blew dismayed her crew,
Nor troubled the captain's mind.

The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow;
And it often appeared—when the weather had cleared—
He had been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
And he played hopscotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain tickled the crew.

And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the afterrail
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat,
And dined in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day.

The cook was Dutch and behaved as such,
For the diet he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns,
Served up with sugar and glue.

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast our vessel ashore,
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poo-Poo smiles
And the Rumpletum-Bunders roar.

We sat on the edge of a sandy ledge,
And shot at the whistling bee:
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats,
As they danced by the sounding sea.

On Rug-gub bark, from dawn till dark,
We fed, till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came by from the Torriby Zone.

She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the Rug-gub tree.

LITTLE BILLEE

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

There were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old enough, so let's eat he.

"Oh, Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-topgallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The captain of a Seventy-three!

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS 1446?—1506

ROSEMARY AND STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

There are lots of queer things that discoverers do
But his was the queerest, I swear.
He discovered our country in One Four Nine Two
By thinking it couldn't be there.

It wasn't his folly, it wasn't his fault,
For the very best maps of the day
Showed nothing but water, extensive and salt,
On the West, between Spain and Bombay.

There were monsters, of course, every watery mile,
Great krakens with blubbery lips
And sea-serpents smiling a crocodile-smile
As they waited for poor little ships.

There were whirlpools and maelstroms, without any doubt,
And tornadoes of lava and ink.
(Which, as nobody yet had been there to find out,
Seems a little bit odd, don't you think?)

But Columbus was bold and Columbus set sail
(Thanks to Queen Isabella, her pelf),
For he said "Though there may be both monster and gale,
I'd like to find out for myself."

And he sailed and he sailed and he *sailed* and he SAILED,
Though his crew would have gladly turned round
And, morning and evening, distressfully wailed
"This is running things into the ground!"

But he paid no attention to protest or squall,
This obstinate son of the mast,
And so, in the end, he discovered us all,
Remarking, "Here's India, at last!"

He didn't intend it, he meant to heave to
At Calcutta, Rangoon, or Shanghai.
There are many queer things that discoverers do,
But his was the queerest. Oh my!

PRINCE PETER

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Young Prince Peter suddenly, once
For no real reason behaved like a dunce.

His bath was ready that summer morning,
But he said very loud (without any warning):

"Who wants to scrub—oh, pish, oh, stuff!—
In a silly old tub? I am clean enough!"

He threw out the towels, and soap, and then—
"I never," he cried, "will bathe again!"

And rushed to the garden, wild and foolish,
Kicking his heels and being mulish.

All of the pansies were in their places,
The sun just drying their new-washed faces.

A toad went skittering down the path,
Bound for a puddle, to take a bath.

A robin dipped in a clear, brown pool;
He thought Prince Peter was rather a fool.

"Hist!" he said to a startled wren,
"The Prince is never to bathe again."

Down by the duck-pond Diddles and Daddles
Pushed through the water with legs like paddles,
They dived and chuckled, "He'll bathe no more."
Puss sat stiff by the kitchen door,

Washing her children, five fat kittens,
With pearl-white collars and pearl-gray mittens.

She washed each kitten from toe to crown,
And cuffed it lightly to polish it down.

They sang with happiness in their throats—
Stiff-starched whiskers and shiny coats.

They gazed at Peter, who stood abashed,
They mourned, "He'll never again be washed."

All at once, with a drooping head,
Into the palace Peter fled.

His buttons were popping as he flew:
He flung off his collar and kicked off his shoe;

Into the bathroom wildly burst,
Into the bathtub hopped head first.

"Hurry and humph!" he said, with a splash,
" 'T would be so lonesome never to wash!"

And from that time on there was never a neater
Boy in the kingdom than young Prince Peter.

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT

JOYCE KILMER

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken and black.
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop for
a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with nobody
in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are such
things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sorrowings.
I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe to the
grass.
It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should be trimmed
and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid,
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and spade.
I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it to
them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and
door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in the
store;
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a house that
has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh, and held up his
stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes
could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track,
I never go by the empty house without stopping and looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at a crumbling roof and the shutters
fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with a
broken heart.

TARTARY

WALTER DE LA MARE

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court would peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal would summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps should shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale!

BERRIES

WALTER DE LA MARE

There was an old woman
Went blackberry picking
Along the hedges
From Weep to Wicking.
Half a pottle—
No more she had got,
When out steps a Fairy
From her green grot;
And says, "Well, Jill,
Would 'ee pick 'ee mo?"

And Jill, she curtseys,
And looks just so.

"Be off," says the Fairy,
"As quick as you can,
Over the meadows
To the little green lane,
That dips to the hayfields
Of Farmer Grimes;
I've berried those hedges
A score of times;
Bushel on bushel
I'll promise 'ee, Jill,
This side of supper
If 'ee pick with a will."
She glints very bright,
And speaks very fair;
Then, lo, and behold!
She had faded in air.

Be sure Old Goodie
She trots betimes
Over the meadows
To Farmer Grimes.
And never was queen
With jewellery rich
As those same hedges
From twig to ditch.
Like Dutchmen's coffers,
Fruit, thorn, and flower—
They shone like William
And Mary's Bower.
And be sure Old Goodie
Went back to Weep,
So tired with her basket
She scarce could creep.

When she comes in the dusk
To her cottage door,

There's Towser wagging
As never before,
To see his Missus
So glad to be
Come from her fruit-picking
Back to he.
As soon as next morning
Dawn was gray,
The pot on the hob
Was simmering away;
And all in a stew
And a hugger-mugger
Towser and Jill
A-boiling of sugar,
And the dark clear fruit
That from Faerie came,
For syrup and jelly
And blackberry jam.

Twelve jolly gallipots
Jill put by;
And one little teeny one,
One inch high;
And that she's hidden
A good thumb deep,
Half way over
From Wicking to Weep.

THE CARAVAN

MADELEINE NIGHTINGALE

If I could be a gypsy boy
And have a caravan,
I'd travel all the world, I would,
Before I was a man;
We'd drive beyond the far blue hills—
We two, my horse and me—
And on and on and on and on
Until we reached the sea.
And there I'd wash his legs quite clean
And bid him come inside,
Whilst I would stand upon the roof
And scan the flowing tide.
And he and I would sail away
And scour the Spanish Main,
And when we'd swept the Spaniards out
Perhaps sail home again.
Or if my horse were very tired
Of ships and being good,
And wanted most to stretch his legs
(As many horses would),
We'd call a whale to tow us to
A desert island beach,
And there we'd search for coconuts
And have a whole one each.
If I could be a gypsy boy
I wouldn't bring a load
Of pots and pans and chairs and things
And sell them in the road.
Oh, if I were a gypsy boy
And had a caravan,
I'd see the whole wide world, I would,
Before I was a man.

THE LITTLE HANDMAIDEN

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

The King's son walks in the garden fair—

Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!

He little knows for his toil and care,

That the bride is gone and the bower is bare.

Put on garments of white, my maidens!

The sun shines bright through the casement high—

Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!

The little handmaid, with a laughing eye,

Looks down on the King's son strolling by,

Put on garments of white, my maidens!

"He little knows that the bride is gone,

And the Earl knows little as he;

She is fled with her lover afar last night,

And the King's son is left to me."

And back to her chamber with velvety step

The little handmaid did glide,

And a gold key took from her bosom sweet,

And opened the great chests wide.

She bound her hair with a band of blue,

And a garland of lilies sweet;

And put on her delicate silken shoes,

With roses on both her feet.

She clad her body in spotless white,

With a girdle as red as blood.

The glad white raiment her beauty bound,

As the sepals bind the bud.

And round and round her white neck she flung

A necklace of sapphires blue;

On one white finger of either hand
A shining ring she drew.

Then down the stairway and out the door
She glided, as soft and light,
As an airy tuft of a thistle seed
Might glide through the grasses bright.

And into the garden sweet she stole—
The little birds carolled loud—
Her beauty shone as a star might shine
In the rift of a morning cloud.

The King's son walked in the garden fair,
And the little handmaiden came,
Through the midst of a shimmer of roses red,
Like a sunbeam through a flame.

The King's son marvelled, his heart leaped up,
"And art thou my bride?" said he,
"For, North or South, I have never beheld
A lovelier maid than thee."

"And dost thou love me?" the little maid cried,
"A fine King's son, I wis!"
The King's son took her with both his hands,
And her ruddy lips did kiss.

The little maid laughed till the beaded tears
Ran down in a silver rain.
"Oh foolish King's son!" and she clapped her hands
Till the gold rings rang again.

"O King's son, foolish and fooled art thou,
For a goodly game is played;
The bride is away with her lover last night,
And I am her little handmaid."

And the King's son sware a great oath: said he,—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
"If the Earl's fair daughter a traitress be,
The little handmaid is enough for me."

Put on garments of white my maidens!

The King's son walks in the garden fair—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
And the little handmaiden walketh there,
But the old Earl pulleth his beard for care.

Put on garments of white my maidens!

THE PRINCESS AND THE GYPSIES

FRANCES CORNFORD

As I looked out one May morning
I saw the tree-tops green;
I said: "My crown I will lay down
And live no more a queen."

Then I tripped down my golden steps
Dressed in my silken gown,
And when I stood in the open wood
I met some gypsies brown.

"O gentle, gentle gypsies
That roam the wide world through,
Because I hate my crown and state,
O let me come with you!

"My councillors are old and gray
And sit in narrow chairs,
But you can hear the birds sing clear
And your hearts are as light as theirs."

"If you would come along with us
Then you must count the cost,
For though in Spring the sweet birds sing,
In Winter comes the frost.

"Your ladies serve you all the day
With courtesy and care,
Your fine-shod feet they tread so neat
But a gypsy's feet go bare.

"You wash in water running warm
Through basins all of gold;
The streams where we roam have silvery foam,
But the streams, the streams are cold.

"And barley bread is bitter to taste,
Whilst sugary cakes they please.
Which will you choose, O which will you choose,
Which will you choose of these?

"For if you choose the mountain streams
And barley bread to eat,
Your heart will be free as the birds in the tree
But the stones will cut your feet.

"The mud will spoil your silken gown
And stain your insteps high,
The dogs in the farm will wish you harm
And bark as you go by.

"And though your heart grow deep and gay
And your heart grow wise and rich,
The cold will make your bones to ache
And you will die in a ditch."

"O gentle, gentle gypsies
That roam the wide world through,
Although I praise your wandering ways
I dare not come with you."

I hung about their fingers brown
My ruby rings and chain,
And with my head as heavy as lead
I turned me back again.

As I went up the palace steps
I heard the gypsies laugh;
The birds of Spring so sweet did sing,
My heart it broke in half.

THE PIRATE DON DURK OF DOWDEE

MILDRED PLEW MEIGS

Ho, for the Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee!
He was as wicked as wicked could be,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see!
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as black as a bat,
But he had a floppety plume on his hat
And when he went walking it jiggled—like that!
The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was crimson and cut with a slash,
And often as ever he twirled his moustache
Deep down in the ocean the mermaids went splash,
Because of Don Durk of Dowdee.

Moreover, Dowdee had a purple tattoo,
And stuck in his belt where he buckled it through
Were a dagger, a dirk and a squizzamaroo,
For fierce was the Pirate Dowdee.

So fearful he was he would shoot at a puff,
And always at sea when the weather grew rough

He drank from a bottle and wrote on his cuff,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

Oh, he had a cutlass that swung at his thigh
And he had a parrot called Pepperkin Pye,
And a zigzaggy scar at the end of his eye
Had Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buccaneer bold,
A curious chest that was covered with mould,
And all of his pockets were jingly with gold!
Oh jing! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, it was crook'd like a squash,
But both of his boots made a slickery slosh,
And he went through the world with a wonderful swash,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

It's true he was wicked as wicked could be,
His sins they outnumbered a hundred and three.
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see,
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

THE SHIPS OF YULE

BLISS CARMAN

When I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail
I called the Ships of Yule;

Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing boats
With gunwales painted green.

They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me,

For though I had to stay on shore
My heart was on the sea.

They stopped at every port of call
From Babylon to Rome,
To load with all the lovely things
We never had at home;

With elephants and ivory
Bought from the King of Tyre,
And shells and silk and sandal-wood
That sailor men admire;

With figs and dates from Samarcand,
And squatty ginger-jars,
And scented silver amulets
From Indian bazaars;

With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,
And monkeys from Ceylon,
And paper lanterns from Pekin
With painted dragons on;

With coconuts from Zanzibar,
And pines from Singapore;
And when they had unloaded these
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often far away
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

AN INDIAN ARROW HEAD

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

I found an Indian arrow head
Upon the river shore,
And Daddy says it fell there
Two centuries before.

It's roughly chipped and made of flint
That's very hard and dark,
And if with steel you strike it,
It makes a little spark.

I found it on a sandy beach
The Richelieu beside;
The Richelieu's a river
Where Indians whooped and died.

For in the very early days
The French and Indians fought
And paddling down the river
Great, new adventures sought.

And all along the river's bank
Where busbied rushes grow
I've found the strangest treasures
Lost centuries ago.

A leaden bullet, pottery,
An old, old cross, glass beads,
And last my Indian arrow head
That tells of olden deeds.

SUPPOSE

WALTER DE LA MARE

'Suppose . . . and suppose that a wild little Horse of Magic
Came cantering out of the sky,
With bridle of silver, and into the saddle I mounted
To fly—and to fly;

'And we stretched up into the air, fleeting on in the sunshine,
A speck in the gleam
On galloping hoofs, his mane in the wind out-flowing,
In a shadowy stream;

'And, oh, when at last the gentle star of evening
Came crinkling into the blue,
A magical castle we saw in the air, like a cloud of moonlight,
As onward we flew;

'And across the green moat on the drawbridge we foamed and
we snorted,
And there was a beautiful Queen
Who smiled at me strangely; and spoke to my wild little Horse,
too—
A lovely and beautiful Queen;

'And she cried with delight—and delight—to her delicate maidens,
"Behold my daughter—my dear!"
And they crowned me with flowers, and then to their harps sate
playing,
Solemn and clear;

'And magical cakes and goblets were spread on the table;
And at window the birds came in;
Hopping along with bright eyes, pecking crumbs from the
platters,
And sipped of the wine;

'And splashing up—up to the roof tossed fountains of crystal;
And Princes in scarlet and green
Shot with their bows and arrows, and kneeled with their dishes
Of fruits for the Queen;

'And we walked in a magical garden with rivers and bowers,
And my bed was of ivory and gold;
And the Queen breathed soft in my ear a song of enchantment—
And I never grew old . . .

'And I never, never came back to the earth, oh, never and
never . . .

How mother would cry and cry!
There'd be snow on the fields then, and all these sweet flowers
in the winter . . .
Suppose . . . and suppose . . .

OLD BALLADS



ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

TRADITIONAL

When Robin Hood was twenty years old,
He happened to meet Little John,
A jolly, brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

Though he was called Little, his limbs they were large,
And his length it was seven foot high;
Whenever he came, they quaked at his name,
For soon he would make them all fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you will but listen awhile.
For this very jest, among all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way.
Then spoke Robin Hood as he sturdily stood,
"I'll show you right Nottingham play."

"The name of a coward," said Robin, "I scorn,
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The strength of thy manhood to try."

Then Robin Hood stepped to a thicket of trees,
And broke off a bough of ground-oak;
Now this being done, away did he run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

"My staff it is trusty and lusty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away."

“With all of my heart,” the stranger replied;
“I scorn in the least to give out.”
This said, they fell to it without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

And first Robin Hood gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that it made his bones ring;
The stranger he said, “This must be repaid,
I’ll give you as good as you bring.

“So long as I’m able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.”
Then to it each goes, and followed their blows,
As if they’d been threshing the corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the red blood to appear;
Then Robin, enraged, more fiercely engaged,
And followed with blows more severe.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a furious look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

“I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?”
The stranger, in laughter, he cried.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, “Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

“I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I’ll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast won the day;
Our battle shall be at an end.”

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pulled himself out by a thorn;

Which done, at the last he blew a loud blast
Straightway on his fine bugle-horn.

The echo of this through the valleys did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appeared,
All clothed in green, most gay to be seen;
So up to their master they steered.

"O, what is the matter?" quoth William Stutly;
"Good master, you're wet to the skin."
"No matter," quoth he, "the lad which you see
In fighting hath tumbled me in."

"He shall not go scot free," the other replied;
So straight they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,
"This man's a stout fellow. Forbear!

"There's no one shall wrong thee, friend. Be not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threescore and nine. If thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt wear my own livery straight."

"O here is my hand," the stranger replied,
"I'll serve thee with all of my heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part."

"His name shall be altered," quoth William Stutly,
"And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry," quoth he.

When all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutly came then, with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed:

"This infant was called John Little," quoth he,
"Which name shall be changed anon;
The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John."

Then Robin he took the handsome young man,
And clothed him from top to his toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a mighty long bow.

Then music and dancing did finish the day;
At length, when the sunlight sank low,
Then with all of their goods they left the green woods,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so, ever after, as long as he lived,
Although he was tall evermore,
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express
Little John was the name that he bore.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

TRADITIONAL

An ancient story I'll tell you anon,
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
He ruled over England with main and might,
But he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post to bring him to London town.

A hundred men, as the King heard say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

"How now, Father Abbot? I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better household than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," said the Abbot, "I would it were known,
I am spending nothing but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will not put me in fear,
For spending my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
And except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head struck off from thy body shall be.

"Now first," said the King, "as I sit here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among all my liegemen of noble birth,
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, beyond all doubt,
How quickly I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly, what do I think?"

"O these are deep questions for my shallow wit,
And I cannot answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me a fortnight's space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace."

"Now a fortnight's space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live;
For unless thou answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy lands are forfeit to me."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at this word;
He rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;

But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could by his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, with comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd, a-going to fold;
“Now, good Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from great King John?”

“Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live.
I must answer the King his questions three,
Or my head struck off from my body shall be.

“The first is to tell him, as he sits there,
With his crown of gold on his head so fair,
Among all his liegemen of noble birth,
To within one penny, what he is worth.

“The second, to tell him, beyond all doubt,
How quickly he may ride this whole world about;
And at question the third, I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly, what does he think?”

“O cheer up, my lord; did you never hear yet
That a fool may teach a wise man wit?
Lend me your serving-men, horse, and apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

“With your pardon, it oft has been told about me
That I'm like your lordship as ever can be:
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at London town.”

“Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous raiment gallant and brave;
With crosier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to draw near to our father, the Pope.”

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," the King he did say,
" 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, as thou seest me sitting here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among my liegemen of noble birth,
Tell to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee;
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The King, he laughed and swore by St. Bittle,
"I did not think I was worth so little!
Now secondly, tell me, beyond all doubt,
How quickly I may ride this world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need never doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. John,
"I did not think I could do it so soon!
Now from question the third you must not shrink,
But tell me truly, what do I think?"

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your Grace merry;
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury,
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
Who has come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King he laughed, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my Liege, be not in such speed;
For alas! I can neither write or read."

"Four nobles a week, then I'll give to thee,
For this merry jest thou has shown to me;
And tell the old Abbot, when thou gettest home,
Thou hast brought a free pardon with thanks from King John."

THE CROWN

JOAN AGNEW

A little Prince
In cloth-of-gold,
The day that he
Was six years old,
Said, "I will go
Into the town
And show the people
There my crown."
And with his treasure
In his hands
Went dancing through
His father's lands.

He chanced to see,
As he skipped by,
A meadow where
The lambkins lie,
And all the grass
Beneath their feet
Was strewn with daisies
Small and sweet.

Another boy
With gipsy hair
Beneath a tree
Was watching there
To see that not
A lambkin strayed;

And on a whistle-
Pipe he played.

The little Prince
Had never heard
So sweet a sound,
For, like a bird,
Its reedy notes
So clear and shrill
Went echoing
Across the hill.
He nods his head
And seems to smile,
His fingers moving
All the while.
His hands are brown,
His dark eyes seem
As careless as
A sunlit stream.

The little Prince
In wonder stands,
His gold crown shining
In his hands.
The King sits in
His pillared halls,
And for the little
Prince he calls.
And when the sun
Goes flaming down,
The boy returns
Without a crown;
But skipping gaily
Up the hill,
A-piping music

Sweetly shrill,
And stands before
His father there,
A chain of daisies
On his hair.
While in the fields,
Beneath the tree,
The shepherd stands
Amazed to see
His shepherd boy
Come stepping down
In holland smock
And golden crown.

THE SINGING LEAVES

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

I

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am bound,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"O, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistledown,

And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

“There came a bird this morning,
And sang ’neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.’ ”

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
“Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

“But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;”
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, “Thou shalt have thy leaves.”

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And ’t was easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
“O, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me!”

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tree tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"O, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter, the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:

"Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;

'T will be my dog, he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,

"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, Father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"

She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,

And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter, the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang: "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 't was as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THOMAS CAMPBELL

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempest round us gather,
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried, in grief,
“Across the stormy water;
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh! my daughter!”

’Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o’er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE GOOSE-GIRL

JOAN AGNEW

A lonely little Shepherd,
Who had not any sheep,
Sat down beside the water
And there began to weep;
For what use is a shepherd
Who has no flock to keep?

Sunshine in his curly hair,
And daisies at his feet;
Lilies shining on the pool,
The water cool and sweet;
He heeded not, but listened
For faint and far-off bleat.

There came a little Goose-girl
In skirt of scarlet-red,
Who looked across the water
And tossing up her head
To set her hair a-swinging,
She called to him and said:

"O foolish little Shepherd
Why do you sit and weep?
I know you are a Shepherd
And have not any sheep,
But so am I a Goose-girl
And not a goose to keep.

"But we can gather flowers,
The gold, the red, and blue,
And you shall pipe your music
And I will dance for you;
Come bare-foot in the meadows
For there is much to do."

The little Shepherd slowly
He wiped his tears away,
Alone and all forgotten
His crook in grasses lay,
The merry little Goose-girl
Will teach him how to play.

WELSHMEN

TRADITIONAL

There were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard men say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's Day.

All the day they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, Nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, Nay;
The third said it was a cheese
And half of it cut away.

And all the day they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said, Nay;
The third said it was a pincushion,
And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
The second he said, Nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But an owl in a holly tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other he said, Nay;
The third said 'twas an old man,
And his beard growing gray.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS



PRAYER

ANONYMOUS

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;

God be in my eyes,
And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;

God be at mine end,
And at my departing.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

KENNETH GRAHAME

Villagers all, this frosty tide,
Let your doors swing open wide,
Though wind may follow and snow betide,
Yet draw us in by your fire to bide:
Joy shall be yours in the morning.

Here we stand in the cold and the sleet,
Blowing fingers and stamping feet,
Come from far away, you to greet—
You by the fire and we in the street—
Bidding you joy in the morning.

For ere one half of the night was gone,
Sudden a star has led us on,
Raining bliss and benison—
Bliss to-morrow and more anon,
Joy for every morning.

Good man Joseph toiled through the snow—
Saw the star o'er the stable low;
Mary she might not farther go—
Welcome thatch and litter below!

Joy was hers in the morning.

And then they heard the angels tell,
"Who were the first to cry noël?
Animals all as it befell,
In the stable where they did dwell!
Joy shall be theirs in the morning."

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

TRADITIONAL

The first day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

The second day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eighth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,

Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,

Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Twelve lords a-leaping,
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

A CHILD'S SONG OF CHRISTMAS

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

My counterpane is soft as silk,
My blankets white as creamy milk.
The hay was soft to Him, I know,
Our little Lord of long ago.

Above the roofs the pigeons fly
In silver wheels across the sky.
The stable-doves they cooed to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Bright shines the sun across the drifts,
And bright upon my Christmas gifts.
They brought Him incense, myrrh, and gold,
Our little Lord who lived of old.

Oh, soft and clear our mother sings
Of Christmas joy and Christmas things.
God's holy angels sang to them,
Mary and Christ in Bethlehem.

Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear,
And earth seems sweet and heaven seems near,
Oh, heaven was in His sight, I know,
That little Child of long ago.

MOTHER AND CHILD

E. J. PRATT

"We haven't room, we haven't a bed,
The inn is full"—the keeper said.
In Bethlehem no place at all,
But a manger of straw in a cattle stall,
Not even a ray from a candle-light
To pierce the darkness of the night;
But from that manger and that stall
The world has reared a palace hall,
And from the darkness of that night
The glory of celestial light.
Out of the morning of that birth
The loneliest mother of the earth,
The woman of the Shadowed Face,
Of all the mothers of our race
Became the most exalted one
That human eyes have looked upon.
And the Child from that lonely town
Was destined for a finer crown
Than any monarch might command
From pearls and stones of sea and land.

HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING

TRADITIONAL

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come a-wand'ring
So fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too;
And God bless you and send
You a Happy New Year—
And God send you a Happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door;
But we are neighbours' children
That you have seen before.

Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too;
And God bless you and send
You a Happy New Year—
And God send you a Happy New Year.

God bless the master of the house
Likewise the mistress, too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.

Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too;
And God bless you and send
You a Happy New Year—
And God send you a Happy New Year.

CHRISTMAS CRADLE SONG

JOHN MORRISON

Still and dark the night about the sheiling,
Clear and cold the light from shining star.
Silent are the flocks, the bells are pealing
Ev'ning time so faintly from afar.

Hush thee, little one,
Day-spring now is done.
Hush thee, do not weep,
Cradled safely, sleep.

Once on such an eve a Mother holy
Rocked the Son of God in manger lowly.

Still and dark the night about the manger,
Clear and cold the light from God's bright star
Silent were the flocks when, for this Stranger,
Angels sang His glory from afar.

Hush thee, little one,
Blessed Mary's Son
Guard thee, guide, and keep
Little ones who sleep.

For on such an eve the Christ Child lowly
Came to us, that we might serve Him wholly.

WHAT CAN I GIVE HIM

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part,—
Yet what I can I give Him,
Give my heart.

IN THE WEEK WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

ELEANOR FARJEON

This is the week when Christmas comes.

Let every pudding burst with plums,
And every tree bear dolls and drums,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every hall have boughs of green,
With berries glowing in between,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every doorstep have a song
Sounding the dark street along,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every steeple ring a bell
With a joyful tale to tell,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every night put forth a star
To show us where the heavens are,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every stable have a lamb
Sleeping warm beside its dam,
In the week when Christmas comes.

This is the week when Christmas comes.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

TRADITIONAL

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birthnight
Of Christ our Heavenly King.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

"He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth in the mould.

"He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.

"He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all."

As Joseph was a-walking,
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's son at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people
At this time of the year;
And light you up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

WHEN MARY THRO' THE GARDEN WENT

MARY E. COLERIDGE

When Mary thro' the garden went,
There was no sound of any bird,
And yet, because the night was spent,
The little grasses lightly stirred,
The flowers awoke, the lilies heard.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
The dew lay still on flower and grass,
The waving palms above her sent
Their fragrance out as she did pass;
No light upon the branches was.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
Her eyes, for weeping long, were dim,
The grass beneath her footsteps bent,
The solemn lilies, white and slim,
These also stood and wept for Him.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
She sought, within the garden ground,
One for Whom her heart was rent,
One Who for her sake was bound,
One Who sought and she was found.

THE END

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Close the page of poetry; put the book away.
All the strange and wonderful songs are sung to-day—
All the little lovely things, all the splendid names,
That the poets light within us like red and burning flames.

There are shining beetles and swallows of the skies,
Everything that anywhere creeps or walks or flies,
Everything that swims so deep in the farthest sea;
All of them can swim and creep and fly in poetry.

There are lords of splendour, mightier than in life;
Caesar, now immortal, laughs at Brutus' knife;
Pharaoh, Nelson, Robin Hood, St. Denis, and St. George
Whose horse was shod by Englishmen beside an English forge.

There are streets and houses, all the life we share
Seen in starts of beauty, by the poets' care;
For, except in poetry, little can we know
Of the daily life we lead, the daily ways we go.

Sing a song of poetry; put the book away.
All the strange and wonderful songs are sung to-day;
Blessed be the poets who know all lovely tales
And are makers of all wonder and whose glory never fails.

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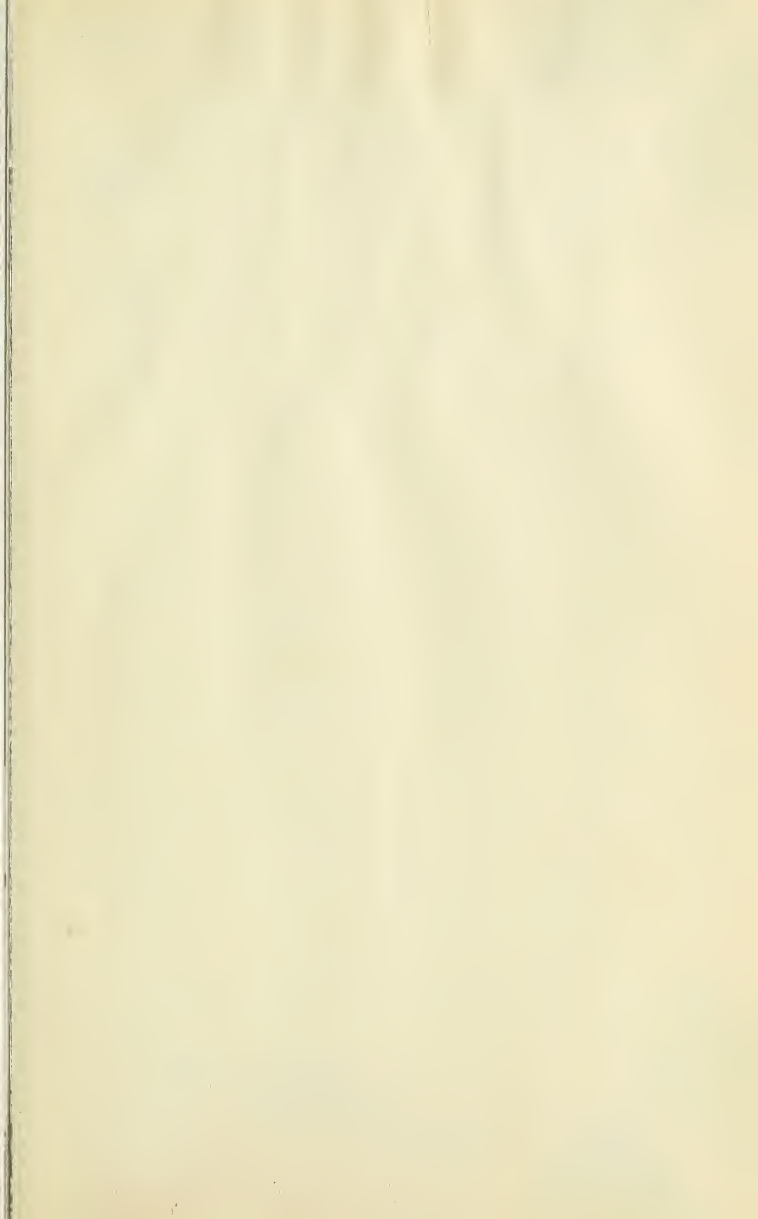
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